

A N E L E G Y

Upon the Most Ingenious

Mr. H E N R Y C A R E,

Who Departed this Life on the Eighth Day of *August*, 1688. and in the Two and Fortieth YEAR of his AGE.

How! The Great *CARE* Deceas'd! And not one Verse

Dropt by some Muse on his *Lamented Hearse*!
It cannot be: All must his Praises tell,
That did both *Write*, and *Live*, and *Die* so well.
That maugre *Laws* and *Levites* durst be good,
And in most *Crooked Times*, most *Upright* stood:
Whom all the *Tory's* Curses could not draw
From an Adherence unto what he saw
Would the *True Interest* of his Countrey be,
Which is, *A well-Established Liberty*
In Things Religious; that none may have Pow'r
His Neighbour for his Conscience to Devour.
For when of late, the *Church-men* with high hand,
Did persecute *Dissenters* through the Land,
And on pretence of their *Lord-Penal Laws*,
Made them a Prey to the Devouring Jaws
Of Villanous Informers, who were then
The *Kings best Subjects* stil'd, by those Hot Men:
CARE Saw, and Griev'd to see what work they made:
And to *Divert* them by his *Pen Essay'd*:
And did to *Peaceful Counsels* them incline,
(But this, *Alas!* was Cross to their *Design*;
Which was for the *Dissenters Ruine* laid,
From which no Arguments could them perswade)
For his *Discerning Soul* did then fore-see
Those *Violences* soon would fatal be
Unto *Themselves*, and Gall and Wormwood bring,
When once they were consider'd by the King:
This He Remonstrated; but all in vain:
Dissenters then no *Favour* could obtain.

But when Great *JAMES* into his Royal thought
The Sufferings of Dissenting Subjects brought;
And to the great Rejoycing of the Nation
Did Publish *His most Gracious Declaration*
For *Liberty of Conscience*, and set free
Dissenters from the *Church-mens Tyranny*:
Then *CARE* did in *Heroick Numbers* sing
Praises to *GOD*, and Thanks unto the King:
This was the Joyful *Epocha*! From hence
He saw Great *Britains* Glory would commence:
'Twas this he saw that would the Kingdom Crown
With *Wealth* and *Honour*, *Riches* and *Renown*.
And therefore when the Nations *Restless Foes*
So great a Blessing did in *Print* oppose,

He thought himself obliged to declare
How *Vain* and *Groundless* their Pretences were:
And that such might have nothing left to say,
He also Publish'd his *D R A C O N I C A*.
And always, as Occasion did him Urge,
He unto *Persecutors* prov'd a *Scourge*:
This he himself affirm'd to be his *Station*:

But O! so great a Blessing to the Nation
Is snatch'd from hence, even in his prime of Years,
And left all Good men for his Loss in Tears:
His Loss indeed is National we see,
And as his Loss is, should Our Mourning be:
Well may we drein whole Rivers from our Eyes,
For we his *Matchless Worth* could never prize!
But Tears alas can't bring him back; His Gain
Does prove our Loss; and we now Sigh in vain.
And tho Vile men have oft *Reproach'd* him here,
He did not them nor their *Reproaches* fear:
Nor did their Threats their hop'd-for issue find:
He did his Duty, not his Danger mind.
And maugre all their Scoffs that him deride,
A *Protestant* he Liv'd, and such he Dy'd.
And tho *This Age* unto his Worth be blind,
Yet will his *Writings* such Acceptance find
With *After-Ages*, that his Name will be
Admir'd and Honour'd by Posterity.
But words don't need his Praises to relate,
For his own Works do praise him in the Gate.
By them it is his Worth is best Express'd—
Grief stops my Pen, and I must weep the rest.

His EPITAPH.

Under these Clods that Body lies,
Whose Soul now soars above the Skies;
Yet will they both Unite again,
And in Eternal Bliss remain.
But Reader, when thou do'st but know
Who 'twas that did this Body owe,
'Twill cause thee weep e'er thou'rt aware,
Here lies the most Ingenious HENRY CARE.
Who was (so tender him his Due)
To GOD, his King, and to his Countrey True.
Here lies (let Carpers all say what they can)
A Loyal Subject, and an Honest Man.

with Illomance.

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